

Stranger Things Have Been Erased by karmad

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016), 僕だけがいない街 | ERASED

Genre: Crossover, I suck at tagging, I'm Sorry, Other, better than it looks, but not really, kinda tho

Language: English

Characters: Fujinuma Sachiko, Fujinuma Satoru, Hinazuki Kayo, Kazu (ERASED), Kobayashi Kenya, Kobayashi Kotori (OC), Sugita Hiromi, Sugita Hisato (OC), Sugita Hisayo (OC), Teruka Shionta (OC), Yashiro Gaku

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-09-02

Updated: 2016-09-02

Packaged: 2022-03-31 22:54:22

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 633

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

When Hisayo's 12-year-old son, Hiromi, goes missing, she launches a terrifying investigation into his disappearance with local authorities. As they search for answers, they unravel a series of extraordinary mysteries involving secret government experiments, unnerving supernatural forces, and a very unusual little girl.

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Author's Note:

Hello There!

So, the biggest shows to me this year so far have been Stranger Things and Erased. They are both so good and unpredictable and are somewhat set in the same time period (the raging 80's). And since I don't see that many fics for these spectacular shows I decided to make my own.

Stranger Things, it's plot , characters or awesomeness don't belong to me. But, I recommend watching it on Netflix.

Erased- Boku Dake ga Inai Machi (僕だけがいない街, The Town Without Me), it's plot, characters or awesomeness also don't belong to me. But, you should read the manga and watch the anime.

Enjoy!!

They were all playing at Satoru's house this time. Satoru, Hiromi, Kazu and Kenya were all huddled around the board game rolling the twenty-sided die as they advanced deeper and deeper into the enchanted forest.

Kenya was the Dungeon Master, and a good one at that. Hiromi grasped the die tightly he needed to roll a fifteen or higher or his entire party would die at the hands of the Demogorgon.

Kazu screamed for Hiromi to throw fireballs while Satoru yelled for him to cast protection.

All the screaming brought the attention of Sachiko who was cleaning in the kitchen. She looked at the time and it was getting late. She decided it was time for the boys to start heading home.

Hiromi lifted his hand ready to throw the die and Sachiko burst into

the room scaring Hiromi. The die flew out of his hands.

“Okay boys time to go home!” She called cheerfully.

The boys all groaned as they frantically searched for the die.

“Mom just thirty more minutes!!” Satoru begged.

“Hiromi where did it go?!” Kazu yelled as he went so far as to look under Satoru’s bed.

“Was it higher than 15?!” Satoru called for the other side of the room.

Hiromi scanned the floor and saw the die in a corner. It landed on 14. He moved to get it but Kenya already snatched it up and hid it in his pocket.

“Well, I guess we’ll have to continue this game tomorrow.” He declared as he feigned a yawn.

Kazu and Satoru looked at Kenya, then Sachiko in the doorway. Then decided it was time to end this campaign for the night.

Kazu rushed to the door to grab his coat shouting out goodbyes to everyone as he ran down the street while Kenya and Hiromi hung back a bit.

“It was a 14. The demogorgon got me.” Hiromi confessed.

Kenya rubbed the die in his coat pocket and started to walk in the general direction of his house. “I know.”

Hiromi stayed silent and started walking in the opposite direction of his house. The wind started to pick up and snow started to fall. He trudged through the snow.

On his way home he walked past the school. He sighed. He would have to be there tomorrow.

He looked up at the large building. In one of the classrooms the lights were on. He wondered what teacher was still working.

The boy mentally mapped out the school to see what classroom light was on until the light went out and went to the next classroom.

“That was creepy.” Hiromi whispered to himself as he kept walking but this time at a faster pace.

He looked up at the school again and the light moved to the next classroom.

Hiromi walked faster.

The light moved faster traveling from room to room.

He was almost at the end of the building until he slipped on some ice. He looked up at the school again and the last light flickered erratically.

He ran the rest of the way home.

When he finally got home he looked to see if anyone was there. His mother, his brother, anybody. He locked the door and hid under his bed. All was quiet except for the TV his brother probably abandoned in the living room earlier that day.

Hiromi focused on the noises he knew. The dripping of the sink and the steady clicking of the heater until he heard a knock at the door.

It wasn’t hard. Just, a gentle tapping.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Hiromi stayed under the bed.

The knocking became a bit harder. Like someone important was knocking.

TAP. TAP. TAP.

Hiromi stayed hidden and the knocking stopped the house was silent. But then Hiromi noticed.

Who turned the TV off?